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you may dipind upon it, something considerable will be done for Ireland."

Now, mother dear, you are at liberty to tell this to the priest, and it will be a great comfort to the parish to know that in the long run justice will be done to ould Ireland; it mayn't be in your time, or my time, but it 'ill surely be some time or other; for havn't I Counsellor Dan's own man's own word for it?

It would take an acre of paper to tell you the wonders of this town. Myself has seen the most of them; and, oh, the golden splendour of the coaches, lined through and through with all manner of beautiful velvet; and the bishop's carriages all so grand, only it's little black aprons they wear, like stone masons; maybe it's out of acconomy they do it, to save their clothes. And the park; to see the ladies in that park of a sunny Sunday in June; the Phanix is nothing to it, the ladies in it I mean, so neat, and so beautifully dressed, and their feet so well set out.

Lucy has the prettiest feet for a pattern I ever saw. I wish Kathleen could but see how tight her shoe fits. I must say the English bangs us, in regard of the neatness; you never see the ladies at the houses I've been staying at with my master, curled up to the nines with bits of dirty newspapers, of a morning. Indeed, to spake the truth, travelling makes a man see a dale of faults in his own country; and Lucy says so best, for if he don't see them, he can't mend them; but don't let on to Kathleen.

My mashter has a bit of an Irish groom that's the means of bringing great ridicule upon the country, by his quare talk, and his quare ways. I could pass very well for English, but for him, he's so cruel ignorant; but no wonder, sure he's from Cork; I sent him to the post-office for letters, and he come back grinning like a fool, after knocking the post-house-man down; (it was at a place called Richmond this happened, where there's a morsel of a hill, that they make such a bother about, and you could pick it with a needle out of Howth, and it would never be missed; however, it's a purty big hill for the English,) and what did he knock the man down for? Why just because he wanted to charge him one and four-pence for a letter—"And," says Teague, "I see him give a bigger one to a man for three-pence." "Go back with him, Terence," says the mashter to me, "and make an apology to the honest man, for his ignorance, and fetch me the letter." And so I did; I pologized dacently, and got the letter, and fetcht Teague away with me, and he grinning all the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got home, he cut a caper before the mashter, for all the world like the animals one Mister Bunn keeps at a big play-house to plase the gentry.

"I've done him," says he, "the tame nagur," says he, in his vulgar way; "I've done him," he says again, "mashter darlint," he says, laying down three strange letters, not for mashter at all; "Mashter, dear, I stole those letthers out of his little box; and so there's the worth of your money!" Did you ever hear tell of such an onagh? Oh, my blessing upon you, my darlint mother, for giving me the larning, which makes me able to hould up my head with the best of them. And sure, barring that Mr. James, of the Bannow School, takes none but tip-tops, I'd recommend you to send my little brother, Lanty, to him for one quarter, just to fit him for a gentleman; though Lucy says that's a bad trade, when there is nothing to support it; but don't tell Kathleen.

I layed by my pen after wiping it, not as I used long ago, when I was top boy, with Master Ben—in the sleeve of my jacket, but in a piece of folded, cut cloth Lucy gave me, to tache me decency—the saucy slut—she said; and the reason, mother, to tell you the truth, that I layed it down was, that I heard Lucy laughing, and a dale of whispering in what they call the *still-room*, though for sure and sartin, it's often the noisiest room in the house. I peeped in at the window, and saw—what do you think—a bit of an English baker trying a plain gold ring on Lucy's finger! Oh, mother, I never saw her eyes look so bright, and she blushing like a Bannow rose! I don't know what came over me, but I made a blow at the baker, forgetting the window, and smashed the glass and my hand to smithereens almost, (I hope you'll excuse the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of mine; and Kathleen and I promised—(for pity's sake don't tell Kathleen)—but the little deceitful devil—there's no use in talking, but the English women are all jilts. I could have taken my bible oath, from the way Lucy went on, jeering and teasing the life out of me, which is the way the girls in our place do when they fancy a handsome boy like myself—I could have sworn before the priest she liked me: and then to hear her say—"You, indeed, Mister Paddy!—Marry an Irish valet, and live among savages!—I pitied your ignorance, and tried to improve you; and that's my reward, to be frightened to death by an Irish ogre; and at such a time, too;"—and off she goes like any lady into sterricks; and the baker falls on me, and I powerless, for there's no use in talking, I had a great regard for Lucy: but for your life don't let on to Kathleen.

Mother, darlint, I wish I was home again; it's a mighty fine place, but the Irish are thought nothing of here. I don't know why we think such a dale about the English; I'm sure they don't return the compliment—another proof of their bad manners.

Kathleen's eyes are brown, mother, and to my thinking, brown eyes have not the sharp conceited look of blue—blue are uncommon sharp. Well, I don't know but if Kathleen was made up like them English, she'd be as well looking after all! And I mind the time when at bat or marbles, she'd give up to me; she'd a mighty sweet temper; and if she'd put on English shoes—but no; the English girls beats the Irish clane out about the ancles. Still what does that signify; sure if they're stout they'll last the longer—and the sweet smile of Kathleen! Mother, mother, I was a baste to forget the tears she shed, at the corner of the turning just forint the cottage, going down to Blackhall—and the new car upon starting, and I going on it as far as Taghmon! and thin how she pertended that it was the sun in her eyes that dazzled her, until whin she saw me fairly on the car, she hid her face on your shoulder, to hide her sorrow. For your life, mother, don't tell Kathleen a word about Lucy. Oh, my fancy* was taken with the one, but my heart was with the other. Mother, I'm thinking I'll go home at onest; and if I don't, why, I'll soon write again. My blessin' be about every one of you. What do you think they have in the farmyards here but steps of stairs, for the fowls to step easy to roost! Think of that! Heaven bless you; and my remembrances to the Bannow boatman. I hope he thinks of to-morrow, as he has got a new boat. I'm sorry enough to hear that the times are bad with the Bannow postman. Sure the gentry shouldn't forget that he as good as walked twice round the world, and not for sport either, but to bring them conveniences, before Carrick was turned grand into a post town. My duty to the priest; and, mother, heaven's blessing on you, mother, and don't let Kathleen forget yours and hers ever constant and affectionate to command,

TERENCE RYLEY.

THE CAVE OF "THE SKARR."

"Too oft, alas, the solitary heath
Has led the unwary trav'ller to his death;
Tho' Heav'n forbids, by its all just commands,
That man should fall by the assassins' hands."

The scene of the following story is a steep hill, thickly covered with trees and brushwood, and forming an ascent to an extensive heath in the West Riding of Yorkshire, known by the name of Skircoat Moor. Near the summit of this ascent, which is nearly a quarter of a mile in height, is a large rock, whose brow overhangs the mouth of a cave, and on the top of which are cut, in a rude style, the figure of a hand, together with that of a coin or medal. Many conjectures have arisen as to the origin of these figures, and various stories concerning them are told by the peasantry. The following account I have taken from a manuscript in my possession, and as it appears to me to bear a greater appearance of probability

* An Irish distinction, truly.—ED.

than any I have yet heard on the subject, I transmit it, hoping it may afford entertainment to your numerous readers.

The cave of the "Skarr" was, in former times, the rendezvous of a band of robbers, who, under the command of one Norfton, committed various depredations throughout the surrounding country, attacking and plundering all travellers who were so unfortunate as to come in their way.

Sir John Warley and his daughter Edgitha had mounted their steeds in the town of Huddersfield, a few hours before sunset, on an autumn evening, in the year 16—, and pressed forward with impatience, in the hope of gaining Warley Hall before the night had fallen. Although riding at the fullest speed, the shades of evening closed around them while crossing the barren moor of Skircoat. The slight tread of the horses' hoofs alone broke upon the death-like stillness that reigned around. Suddenly they heard footsteps behind them, and a shaft from a bow, drawn by an unseen hand, brought Sir John Warley to the ground. Edgitha shrieked—three men rushed to the spot; one dragged the affrighted maiden from her horse, and, in spite of her cries and entreaties to take her life and spare that of her father, tore her from the spot. While one of the ruffians plundered Sir John of every thing valuable, another carried off the two horses to some temporary place of concealment, and the unfortunate maiden was brought to the cave of Norfton, the leader of the gang.

Will Norfton was tall and athletic; his features were stern, though handsome; his manner firm and determined. The beauty of Edgitha attracted his attention, and he at once determined to sacrifice her to his passion. But hers was not a heart to be daunted by a ruffian: her dark eye sparkled with indignation.

"Murderer of my father!" she exclaimed, "let thy blade drink my heart's blood; thou mayest trample on my life, but thou shalt never triumph over my honor."

But to return to Sir John. After the departure of the ruffians, who had deprived him of his money and a great part of his dress, he lay senseless on the heath; blood gushed from his mouth and breast, and near an hour had elapsed before his vital powers returned. Though very weak, he at once proceeded to Warley Hall, which he reached about three hours before daylight; when, uniting all the force he could collect at such a moment, he at once proceeded to the cave of Norfton, the party of his attendants being soon mounted, armed with bows and cutlasses. The shades of night had not yet given way to the grey mists of morning, as they pressed forward towards the Cave of the Skarr. They were not long reaching the Skarr-botham. Here they alighted, and began to climb the heath-clad hill, but the sound of their footsteps having attracted the attention of a sentinel, placed to guard the cave, he at once gave the alarm. The robbers now spread themselves on the brow of the hill, armed with bows and cutlasses, and before Sir John's followers could place a shaft in their bows, six of them fell victims to their prowess. But this was not to last long; the tide of fortune changed, and the number of the robbers speedily dwindled to three. Among the wounded was Norfton, who, after lying for some time bleeding on the heath, crawled to the top of the rock, and, lying down in a horizontal position, took his aim. The unerring shaft struck him for whom it was designed, and another of Sir John's followers fell, desperately wounded. In another moment, however, an arrow from Sir John was in the crown of Norfton—he gave a loud groan, and rolled over the precipice. Sir John now pursued his advantage, and he, with his companions, rushed towards the remaining three, who still strove to keep possession of the cave. Two of them fled towards the moor, whither they were pursued by some of the knight's attendants; while he and the remaining one closed in single combat. The ruffian fell, and, seeing further defence useless, he supplicated mercy, which was granted. He now acted as the guide of Sir John's party, who, having entered the cave, found the object of their search, chained to an iron ring, fixed in the floor of the cave. They unloosed her fetters, and bore her off in triumph.

It was afterwards ascertained, that as soon as Sir John and his party quitted the cave, the two robbers that had escaped returned thither, and, having buried the remains of their captain on the moor, they cut, in the face of the rock, the figure of their captain's hand, which was of extraordinarily large dimensions, together with that of a medal, which he wore suspended from his neck, and which rested on the face of the rock at the time he expired. Such is the statement given in the tradition, concerning the hand and figure engraved on the cave of the Skarr.

FITZ JAMES.

GLEN ULLIN.

A FRAGMENT.

For ever, for ever,
Fierce Lord of Lindore,
For ever, and ever,

Thy soul's peace is o'er:

Then turn thee, oh, turn thee, from murder's dire path,
That too long thou hast track'd with such fury and wrath:

For ever, for ever,
Turn then, and beware,
Or for ever, and ever,
Thy doom is despair.

Such were the sad sounds of fate and of fear,
That rung on the Baron of Lindore's ear;
He reined his steed—for a moment his course,
'Twas but for a moment, seemed barred by remorse:
Like the sunbeam that strikes on the snow's wreathed store
And melts but the surface to harden it more;
This fell slave of passion, he drives down the steep,
As the hurricane's blast that sweeps o'er the deep,
To join in Glen Ullin's dark shadowy wood,
His followers, still thirsting for plunder and blood.

This victim of passion, this slave of his will,
Tho' aware of his guilt, yet pursuing it still;
Plunging deep into folly, yet deeper in sin—
So unnoticed the path by which vice enters in,
Till lost in its mazes, and caught in its snare,
What begun but in folly soon ends in despair.
His passions' strong bearing, even yet when a child,
Neglected or cherished, ran riot and wild;
And so deeply its roots were now fixed in the heart,
That its life-blood must freeze ere their hold would depart.
This led him when now in his manhood's best prime,
To think rapine but pastime, nor murder a crime.
Such, such was Lord Lindore, how many like this,
Whose youth's time neglected, have fallen from bliss.

The Baron long to gain the love
Of Sela, the Maid of the Valley, strove;
But deaf as the rock to the wind or the wave,
Or as deaf to the voice of the lover, the grave,
That darkly enclaps all his bosom holds dear,
To the Baron of Lindore as deaf was her ear;
For she knew he was cruel, and false to his word,
And blasted his honor, and stained was his sword:
Each action but bearing th' impress of a mind,
That no oaths could engage, no pledges could bind.
"When the wolf with the lamb shall no longer engage,
When the tiger for blood shall no more thirst with rage,
And the babe play unharmed in the cockatrice den,
Then shall Sela wed Lindore, but never till then."

Oh, Sela was fair in form and in soul,
Not the rose, when its blushes first ope to the view,
Was more fair than that cheek, when a blush o'er it stole,
And mantled it over with heaven's azure hue;
Nor the dew-drop that lay in that rose-bud could prove
More pure than that breast when it first opened to love.
The glance which from that soft hazel eye rolled,
When love or when pity it gemmed with a tear,
To Norman a sweet tale of happiness told,
Far dearer than Ophir's rich treasures of gold,
Or than gems that deep ocean's unfathomed caves hold—
Its glance to his soul such transport did bear;
Like the morn when it breaks in a summer's blue sky,
And over the mountain's top trembles with joy,
And wakens each streamlet sparkling and fair.

Of the best and the bravest who could compare,
In peace or in war, with young Norman the fair;